

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## The Worst Bore of All

By DOROTHY DIX.

It is popularly supposed that all the world loves the Lover, and that it is a cherished household pet. Never was there a greater mistake, for there is absolutely no reasonable beast of the forest that will make a prudent person take to his heels as quickly as the sight of a real bona fide lover bearing down upon him.



Nor is this fear of this afflicting animal without cause, for literally the onslaught of an army with banners is not so much to be dreaded as the attack of a Lover who has it bad. It seizes upon the friend whose hand has been and clothed it, or waylays a perfect stranger with equal disregard of their feelings, and, without a single pang of compunction slowly torres them to death.

Just when and where this terrible creature first originated it has been impossible to ascertain. It evidently, however, goes back to a very remote period, for history mentions a number of notable specimens, such as Petrarch and Laura, Hero and Leander, Romeo and Juliet, etc., etc., who appeared to have gotten in their deadly work in their vicinity in ages long ago.

It appears the Lover is extremely attractive, as it is very gay colored, and spends much time in keeping its coat sleek and glossy, and its paws in a nice, squeaky condition. This care of appearance is particularly noticeable in the elderly species, the females even going so far as to dye their hair and paint their faces in an effort to look sweet, while the males adopt a most amusing dandified air and are arrayed like Solomon in all his glory. Indeed, the elderly male Lover has one peculiarity that should have attention called to it in this connection, i. e., as long as its mate is alive it presents a dingy, moth-eaten, many appearance, but the minute she dies it immediately sheds its old coat and comes forth looking spick and span, and ten years younger.

The habits of the Lover are very strange and totally inexplicable to intelligent people, and lead to the belief that the creature is blessed, at best, but with a feeble mind. It seems to find its chief occupation in billing and cooing, and holding hands. One historian of unimpeachable veracity notes that he witnessed a couple of ordinary common, or garden Lovers, who kissed each other 23,457,790 times without pausing for breath, or stimulants. It would be difficult to accept these statistics, except that they are borne out by figures compiled in Central Park, and on Coney Island boats, and other favored spots for making Marathon kissing records.

Another common custom of Lovers, and in which they appear to take great pleasure, is that of the female extending toward the male her bunch of digits, which he immediately clasps in a strangle hold. An author by the name of Pater Familias has accumulated much interesting data on this subject by observing two Lovers, a female whom he called Daughter, and a male whom he called her Beau, who would sit up those hours at a time with their fins locked.

This same authority deems Lovers absolutely idiotic, as he said during all of this time the only sound approaching conversation, or an interchange of ideas, that he debated would be a gurgly little sound that he ascertained emanated from the male, and that indicated, "Oo's ducky is on." To which the female would reply, "I is on ducky." After which would be silence. Then the female would say, "Oo is too booful to live," although the male in question was a rumpy, lanky-legged little creature that could by no possibility have approached any artistic ideal of pulchritude. This conversation, if so it may be termed, says Pater Familias, would be kept up from either until 12 o'clock, when he would have to kick the Beau out of the house, whereupon the Daughter would go off to bed weeping.

A peculiarity of the male Lover that is also worth noting is that it has no regard for money and prefers to spend its hard earned dollars on candy, flowers and theater tickets rather than on something useful. You may often observe one at night, out with a fluffy pompadour creature in lace and jewels, nibbling at terrapin and champagne at a swell Broadway Lobster Palace, and then see marching up for the next three weeks to the feed trough of a cheap quick lunch joint for its own provender.

It is also very amiable to the female, and will let it lead it around by the nose, and make it fetch and carry, and jump through the hoop, and perform any sort of a parlor trick she fancies. This complaisance lasts only until after the mating, however, when the female generally has to pay for the violets and candy she has had by cutting down on her dress bill. This frequently leads to family fight in which much damage is done.

The habit of the female Lover is not

less peculiar than those of the male. She is afflicted with a mania for believing that something has happened to the male, and that he has gotten lost going home, or has been captured by bandits, or has been drowned in the gutter. Likewise she hands his old cigar butts on the wall tied with blue ribbon, and develops telephonia, and writer's cramp, because she cannot do without telling him how she loves him and how she misses him, and how long it is between 11:30 a. m., when he left, and 8 p. m., when he will call again.

In spite of the peculiarities that have been mentioned it is difficult to distinguish at sight. You observe a nice, quite-looking creature, with a kind eye and a gentle demeanor, that attracts you and you go up to pet it on the head and begin to make friends with it. Sometimes you are so attracted by it that you even take it home with you when, suddenly, without a word of warning, it begins to throw fits about some perfectly commonplace girl or young man, and you realize, only too late, that you are alone, and at the mercy of a Lover.

The species of rabies with which the Lover is afflicted manifests itself in a strange hallucination. This illusion takes the form of supposing that you are hungry and thirsting, and lying awake nights to hear about the person appearance, and the mental and moral character of some individual you never saw, and in whom you do not take the slightest interest.

The Lover is of both sexes, and while the males are the most violent, they lack the staying powers of the female. They are also of all ages, and the older they get the worse they get, and the more to be dreaded, as nothing else on earth is so afflicting as an Old Maid Lover or a senile Grandpa one. If once you are attacked by either of these creatures, you had as well abandon hope at once, as they never go until their victim sinks into a state of utter insensibility.

There are many varieties of the Lover, the most common of which is known as the Calf Lover. This is always very young, and rather shy, and it is usually possible to frighten it off by hurling a few shafts of ridicule at it. Another common variety is called the Poet. This is a particularly venomous species, as it oozes alshy verses at every pore, which it reads to you until you pass away in great agony.

Another species, closely allied to the Poet, is the Letter Writing Lover, which may always be recognized at sight, by carrying so many letters in its pockets, or stuffed in its shirtwaist, that it looks like a putter piece. As soon as this variety of Lover gets it claws on you, it pulls out those letters, which begin "my ownest own, my precious darling angel love ducky daddie," on you, and assassinate you by making you read forty-page missives of devotion addressed to another. Happily, however, after the first letter you are reduced to a state of softening of the brain in which you are not conscious of your sufferings.

The most dangerous variety of the Lover, though, is the Widower. When one of these, especially a graybeard, develops an attack of Love, it is the most fearsome bore known to poor humanity. It simply runs amuck, seeking whom it may devour, and neither youth nor age, nor friend nor foe, is safe from its attack. Some think that an Old Maid, with its first case of rabies, is equally dangerous, but this is a mistake. The real, smug, soul-wearer, with the ability raised to the 9th power to make one year for a speedy death, is the Widower who is stuck on a 30-year-old girl. Especially a chorus girl.

The mode of attack of the Lover resembles that of other men-devouring animals. It simply lies in wait for its prey, and the instant it perceives that you are defenseless, it springs upon you with a yawn of joy, and while you are being chewed up it emits sounds that those who have studied its language translate thus: "Say, you ought to see my girl. She is the most beautiful creature in the world. Her eyes are like violets quenched in dew. Her hair is spun gold. Her mouth is a perfect cupid bow. Her ears are like sea-shells. Her complexion is like alabaster. Her figure is tall and slight and willowy, and her neck and arms like those of the Venus de Mild. She is the most intelligent woman, bright and witty and vivacious, but not in the least a blue-stocking. She dresses magnificently and is the kind of a woman that makes every other woman turn round and rubber as she passes, but she is so economical that it doesn't cost her more than \$5 a year to do it. And she is so domestic; her angel food melts in your mouth. And she just worships me. She hasn't another thought except about me. Honest, if anything should happen to me, it would just kill her."

You snap and give a little moan of pain as the creature stoops to take breath, and then the horrible, pitiless fiend begins it all over again. "Say, you ought to see my girl. She is the most beautiful creature in the world. Her eyes are like violets," etc., etc., and it repeats this again and again, as long as there is any breath left in your body. The female Lover's cry, when masticating a victim, does not differ materially from those of the male, except that every assertion ends with, "John says that the stock market will go up or down," "John says that Mr. Taft will do so and so," "John says that we will not summer next summer," etc., etc. The peculiar effect of this is to render the people who have to hear it stark, staring mad, so that they beat their heads against the wall, and go about wringing their hands and wondering if they can stand it until the wedding day.

The only known antidote for the rabies of Lovers is to get them married. This works an instantaneous cure. They never throw another fit afterwards, and are most pleasant and delightful to have about ever after.

Never to have loved is never to have lived.

Once in his life every man is a hero of romance to some woman, and some

## The War-God's Levy!

By NELL BRINKLEY

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The War-God's mailed fist lies heavy on the frail shoulder of womanhood. On her valiant heart he levies his heaviest, blackest tax. For he gives her the waiting end of war—and he asks the tiny pink baby of her bosom for the blood-drinking end of his sword. For to hold the dreary, waiting end of war-time is a terrible thing.

The man who goes to the front is walking in tragic shadow, but he is one with the Indian who can dance and paint and shout and at the last whirl into the riot of action, where he turns devil and light-headed and knows not if he has courage, fear or hunger. He is on the move,

and the same brain that served him in peace that would have shrunk from suffering and pain, is numbed.

But the woman behind must harvest and cook and the dishes must be washed the same as ever, and there's nothing to do but wait with a heart that is big with fear and raw at the roots. And truly she hands up to the gray War God and his bare blade the tiny, soft baby of her bosom, for the dead man at his iron-shod feet, with the limp hands and the blue sunken eyelids and the dark, live stream spreading softly from under his breast is still her little son, her tiny baby with the helpless hands and the searching mouth.—NELL BRINKLEY.

## The Way of a Woman

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

It is ever the custom of a woman to hang the picture of her dead husband on the walls of memory and occasionally flaunt his perfections before the eyes of the man who has taken his place. It is a way that is distressing, aggravating and unkind and that bears no good results.

It is a way, thank heaven, that few maidens know, for every girl knows that if she wishes to keep her lover she must make no means for the lover she has lost. The wife, secure in legal possession, is not so wise.

"I am a young man of twenty-two," writes Dick, "and am keeping company with a young lady of twenty. I love her dearly, but every time I meet her she takes delight in talking about a young man to whom she was once engaged. It is wise for me to make love to her when she is always talking about this man she used to love, and whom she still seems to love?"

It would not mean a peace of mind for a man to marry any girl whose heart is woman an angel to some man, and that is God's compensation for all the balance of the commonplace years of existence. A woman may forget everything else that has happened to her in life, but the last thing that she remembers when she is lying in what her Lover used to say to her in the days before they were married.

In keeping of another man, and who makes that possession the subject of her thoughts and conversation. There are "dead men's shoes" that may be worn comfortably—so comfortably that one in time forgets they were made for another's feet, but they pinch and squeeze and rub and bind, making callous spots and tender places, if there stands a woman with out-pointed finger crying out with a loud voice the greater perfections and fewer faults of the man for whose feet they were fashioned.

I know that the jealous heart of every man demands that he be first, in the heart of the woman he loves, and I also know that the wise maiden makes a man believe he is first, though to find the first boy she loved she would have to go back to her primer days at school, and she has changed the film every year since. I know that while this may be duplicity, it is a duplicity that finds ample excuse in the unreasoning jealousy of mankind, and that means greater happiness and comfort and peace of mind for the man it would deceive.

The girl who entertains her lover with a recital of the charms of a man who loves her no longer may be honest in her refusal to claim an empty shrine in her heart, but it is an honesty that is aggressively disagreeable, and that doesn't spell happiness for the second lover.

## Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Tell Her of Your Love. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 33 years old and have been keeping steady company with a girl the same age. I love her and am quite certain that she reciprocates my love. She does not associate with any other fellows, nor do I pay attention to other girls, for the simple reason that I cannot take to other girls as I do her. I am of good habits and character and have a good future in the contracting business. But in spite of our good friendship she has refused on several occasions to allow me to kiss her. Do you think she is right in her refusal to give me a kiss? I love her dearly; what shall I do? Would you advise me to confess my love to her?—WALTON J. T.

The girl is showing a dignified self-respect when she refused to allow you to kiss her. When you have told her of your love and your honorable intentions you will have a right to ask for her kisses. But now she would feel belittled

in your eyes as well as her own is she were to permit you to make love to her.

"Cocaine." Dear Miss Fairfax: A few months ago I met a young man seven years my senior. I have learned to love him very dearly. During our conversations, at times he would say if I only knew a certain thing about him I would not love him. On different occasions I tried to make him tell me what it was, but he was afraid it might hurt my feelings, knowing that I loved him. Accidentally I discovered some "cocaine" in his pocket, and he confessed that he had been using it for the past eight years. He is now 26. He is a gentleman in every sense of the word, and it would break my heart to give him up. HEARTBROKEN.

Even more horrible than the drink habit is the drug demon. Unless this young man can give up the use of cocaine, and prove that he is absolutely free from its power, you must not dream of marrying him. His friendship is a dangerous one, unless you are strong enough to free him from the horrible influence that is poisoning his life, even if you do not yet see its dread effects.

One Answer for Two. Dear Miss Fairfax: I am very much troubled. Is it proper for a young man 19 years old to have a steady girl friend of only 13 years? My parents would have me

## Mirabeau

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

In order to become famous a man must die at the right time. If Mirabeau had died before May 4, 1788, his fame would have been trifling and of short duration. It was in the two years between that date and his death that he did the things which were to cause him to be written down in history as the "Great Mirabeau."



For forty years he played the part of a brilliant libertine, and was a dandy, rather than an honor, to his family and to his country, but when the hour came it found in Mirabeau the man who was to turn it to the lasting good of France and the world. Up to the meeting of the states general on that ever-memorable May day of the fateful year 1789, Mirabeau's career was anything but pleasant to contemplate. Did ever another man lead just such a life? Is it really the record of a man's life? Is it not rather the story of some sort of monster in the guise of a man?

Think of that stormy college course, the miserable marriage and the cage in which the lion of a bridegroom and the tigress of a bride found themselves growling and clawing at each other; the initial army life, with its wild orgies, and the gloomy prison into which its dissipations cast the mad young soldier; the army life again, after the grated cell had discovered him; the scandalous second marriage, with its still deeper shame; the clashes with the infuriated father; the exile in Switzerland, with its wretched hack-work and poverty and misery; the remorseless letters de cachet which shoved him into the Vincennes dungeon, where, like a mad beast, he raged and tore away at himself for three and a half years.

And then recall the fact of the escape from the Vincennes dungeon and the return to France, and the ambassadorship to the Prussian court and its wretched failure, and the unutterable anguish of the man's grief as he realized the collapse of the first really worthy enterprise to which he had ever dedicated his brain and will power.

Did not the most illustrious of the ancients advocate the resort to self-destruction when life's way seems hopelessly dark? And was not this the time for the most reasonable man in the world to avail himself of the advice of Seneca and Cato?

He was 40 years old, and had done absolutely nothing but evil. His enormous appetites and passions had well nigh wrecked his powerful body, and his almost superhuman brain did nothing but nurse and brood over its blasted hopes and unfulfilled ambitions.

Poor Mirabeau! But hold! The king wants money for himself and his favorites, and he calls together the representatives of the estates of the realm—a sort of general convention, as it were, of the nation. If Louis had had the smallest inkling of what he was really doing he would never have called that meeting, but he called it, and among the representatives that gathered in response to the call sat Mirabeau—sent by the people of Marseilles to be their spokesman before the king, the nobility and the clergy.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon what happened almost immediately after the estates got together at Versailles—how when the "notables" began turning up their noses at the representatives of the people those hitherto inconsequential gentlemen retired and set up business on their own, under the name of the National Assembly.

Of the famous body Mirabeau became at once the head and soul, and when the National Assembly blossomed into the Constituent Assembly that also was dominated by the mighty personality of the man from Marseilles.

Events crowded upon each other thick and fast, and when the Bastille went down with a crash along with it fell the last hope of the privileged classes that had for centuries exploited and oppressed the people.

A new regime was at hand. "But what sort of a regime?" cried the now great Mirabeau. "A regime of settled order," he thundered. Not anarchy, but harmony. "You are at last supreme," he said to the people, "and now see to it that you act wisely. Don't turn this thing into a carnival of blood. By all means establish liberty and justice, but establish them along with security and order."

A strong central government, made by the people and responsible to them—such was the ideal that Mirabeau held up before the assembly. And so long as he was on the stage no one dared to disregard him, but he was prematurely old, the volcanic passion had burnt him out, and right in the midst of the struggle the great leader died, leaving the fanatics to run amuck, with no one to control them in their madness.

associate with older company, but I cannot bear to forfeit her esteem. Her lady-like actions and manners make her seem much older than her years. Please relieve me of my anxiety. "BUD." Dear Miss Fairfax: I am considerably perplexed. Is it proper for a girl of only 12 to have a steady boy friend of 19 years? His parents object to me because of my youth, but I wish to associate with him purely for friendship sake. Do you think I should enter the midst of his friendship? He is a very gentlemanly boy and I enjoy his company so very much that it would be hard for me to give up his company. WORREDD.

These two letters may or may not refer to the same case; they are so nearly alike that one answer will do for both. It is not right for a boy of 19 to seek for steady company a girl of 12. The girl is too young, no matter how well she behaves, to be "keeping company," and a boy of 19 is far too old to be playing with children.

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